

The Tragedie

Dut. Thou tode, thou tode, where is thy brother Clarēce?
And litle Ned Plantaget, his sonne?

Qu. Where is kind Hastings, Riuer, Vaughan, Gray?

King. A flourish trumpets, strike alarum drummes,
Let not the heauens heare these tel-tale women
Raile on the Lords annointed. Strike I say. *The trumpets
sounds.*
Either be patient, and intreat me faire,
Or with the clamorous report of warre,
Thus will I drowne your exclamations.

Dut. Art thou my sonne?

King. I, I thanke God, my father and your selfe.

Dut. Then patiently heare my impatience.

King. Madame I haue a touch of your condition,
Which cannot brooke the accent of reproofe.

Dut. I will be milde and gentle in my speech.

King. And brieft good mother, for I am in haste.

Dut. Art thou so hastie I haue staid for thee,
God knowes in anguish, paine and agonie.

King. And came I not at last to comfort you?

Dut. No by the holy roode thou knowst it well,
Thou camst on earth, to make the earth my hell:
A greuous burthen was thy birth to me,
Tehie and waiward was thy infancie,
Thy schoole-daies frightfull, desperate, wilde and furious:
Thy age confirmd, proud, subtil, bloudie, trecherous,
What comfortable houre canst thou name,
That euer grac't me in thy companie?

K. Faith none but Humphrey houre, that cald your grace
To breakefast once forth of my companie:

If it be so gracious in your sight,
Let me march on, and not offend your grace.

Dut. O heare me speake, for I shall neuer see thee more.

King. Come, come, you are too bitter.

Dut. Either thou wilt die by Gods iust ordinance,
Ere from this warre thou turne a conqueror,
Or I with griefe and extreame age shall perish,
And neuer looke vpon thy face againe:
Therefore take with thee my most heauie curse,

Which

of Richard the third.

Whch in the day of battell tire thee more
Then all the compleat armour that thou wearst,
My praers on the aduerse partie fight,
And there the litle soules of Edwards children
Whisper the spirits of thine enemies,
And promise them successe and victory,
B'oudie thou art, bloody will by thy end,
Shame serues thy life, and doth thy death attend. *E.*
Qu. Though far more cause, yet much lesse spirit
Abides in me, I say Amen to all.

King. Stay Madam, I must speake a word with you.
Qu. I haue no more sonnes of the royall blood,
For thee to murther, for my daughters Richard,
They shall be praying Nunnes, not weeping Queenes,
And therefore leuell not to hit their liues.

King. You haue a daughter cald Elizabeth,
Vertuous and faire, royall and gracious.

Qu. And must she die for this? O let her liue!
And ile corrupt her manners, staine her beaurie,
Slander my selfe, as false to Edwards bed,
Throw ouer her the vale of infamie,
So she may liue vnscard from bleeding slaughter,
I will confesse she was not Edwards daughter.

King. Wrong not her birth, she is of royall blood.

Qu. To saue her life, ile say she is not so.

King. Her life is only safest in her birth.

Qu. And only in that safetie died her brothers.

King. Lo at their births good stars were opposite.

Qu. No to their liues bad friends were contrary.

King. All vnauoyded is the doome of destiny.

Qu. True, when auoyded grace makes destiny,
My babes were destiny to a fairer death,
If grace had blest thee with a fairer life.

Ki. Madam, so thriue I in my dangerous attempt
As I intend more good to you and yours,
Then euer you or yours were by me wrongd.

Qu. What good is couerd with the face of heauen
To be discouerd that can do me good.

King. The aduancement of your children mightie

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